Porcelain

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Summary: A quick piece written when I was bored in homeroom. Alex's POV, reflections upon his leaving of Imil and doubting of his element and himself. Rather angsty one here. Rated for dark themes.

Chapter 1: Porcelain

Porcelain

Water is not my element. No matter what lies plague my soul, I cannot admit to feeling like I truly belong in the service of mighty Mercury. Why do I say this? Well, I think you, reader, can agree that I do not appear as a child of the water. After all, water adepts are pure of heart and soul, right?

When I left Emil, no one noticed. No tears had been shed, no one prays for my safe return. Do you know why?

No one mourns the wicked.

For as long as I can remember, I have been in the service of Mercury, acting as a pious healer, fulfilling the role expected of me. For that very reason, I consider myself the world's biggest hypocrite. I preached of following the path of riotousness, yet my own was shrouded in darkness. I saw no light of hope at the end of a long tunnel, nor the light of longing, for nostalgic days. I have no nostalgic days. I left, and I never want to return. For me, the Hermes Fountain spewed polluted water.

So why is water my element? I rejected Mercury and his services, yet he still bestows his blessing upon me. I doubt it is because of my looks. The gods are not that superficial. I will admit, physically, I do appear as a water adept. My pale skin is the color of the ocean's foam, my clear blue eyes appear to shine like tiny raindrops caught by the sun. My long blue hair is the color of a pure river, free of pollution. Sometimes I feel like a porcelain vase, an antique from Tolbi. Pale white porcelain adorned with light blue accents. So

beautiful, and yet so fragile. The tiniest ill whisper around it could shatter it.

My goal was to be the best. To claim that prize that I've earned. All I wanted was to fit in. An orphan, no family, no friends, the only thing I had was my faith in Mercury. Yet that too has been taken from me, crushed into the dirt. One victory balances 1000 losses, right?

Too bad I'm still searching for that one victory.

I live to die. Rejected and alone. Then again that would just mean that I would die just the way I lived. I've always been alone, and always will be. I can feel my heart slowly twisting and tearing inside my chest, assuming that I ever had a heart to begin with.

For this porcelain vase is cracked. Cracked, soon to be shattered beyond repair.

Goodbye cruel world. I leave you one less fool to mock.

Mercury, forgive me...